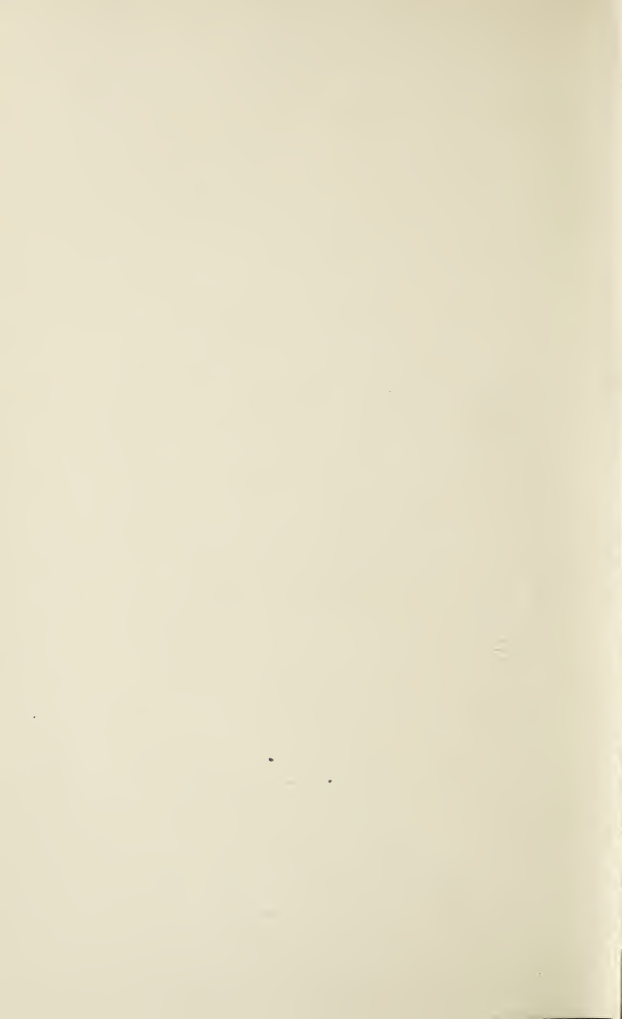


HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES



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Hadley's Yellowstone Rhymes



HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES



*"When evening's purple shades have
cooled the air,
I come to stand, to ponder & to stare."*

ALBERT WHIPPLE HADLEY
OGDEN • UTAH
1921

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Hadley's Yellowstone Rhymes



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The Dinosaur at Old Faithful

A Di-no-saur reared to his uttermost height
and stiffened his ninety-foot spine;
His tail struck an angle of fifty degrees and
he leaned on a neighboring pine.

"In the name of the dead, what can this
be," he said, examining what he had
found,

Then sniffed at a column of steam as it
rose from a curious place in the ground.

"By Golly, I've traveled this region for
years," said he as he noticed the heat,

"But here's a sensation, surprisingly new,
and a wonderful place for a seat."

"The rank competition for food," he ex-
claimed, "at the Tropics is fierce to
behold;

This winter I'll tarry where feeding is good
and hang around here when it's cold."

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Now a Dinosaur's length—say a medium
length—was a matter of ninety-odd
feet,

Yet he drew his great carcass of eight or
ten tons and centered it over the heat.

Our scientists tell us this stretchy old beast
was blessed with a triplicate brain,

For relaying thoughts to his far-away skull
where "Brain Number One" did ob-
tain.

"Number Two" was ensconsed near the
base of his neck to function, should
"Number One" fail,

While "Brain Number Three" was far
down the line near the roots of his 40-
foot tail.

The art of transmission of thought at that
time, was quite elemental and rough;

The system was built on the single-track
plan; one thought at a time was
enough.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

The Dinosaur soon was asleep at the switch
or rather asleep on the whole,
Dreaming only regarding the heavenly heat
that tickled the depths of his soul.
Far down in the primitive crust of the earth,
too far to express it in feet,
Was a spring of hot water, dependent we
know on a source of interior heat.
In fact it was sort of a safety-valve vent of
the devil's invention 'twould seem,
And the janitor finding a weight on the lid,
turned on the full pressure of steam.
The Dinosaur's hide, though roughly im-
mune to feelings that humans acquire,
Picked up an impression through "Brain
Number Three" that part of him
must be afire.

So out o'er the single-track system they
hurried a warning that something was
wrong!

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

"We're sitting on something that's damnably hot; please forward this message along!"

The warning then slowly meandered its way down the slope of the Dinosaur's spine, But the Grand Central Bureau at "Brain Number One" was lost in a slumber divine.

Tradition maintains that an hour elapsed while the devil's steam pressure increased.

When suddenly "Brain Number One" got the word and ordered the "sitting" released.

The safety valve weighted with eight or ten tons, was a circumstance much to be feared;

But nevertheless an explosion occurred and the Dinosaur—disappeared!

In spite of the bulk of the weighty old cuss

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

and the fact he was triplicate brained,
Except 'a few bones which are still to be
found, there scarcely a relic re-
mained.

This happened some thousands of years in
the past, still since that miraculous
hour,

"Old Faithful" has lifted its flood to the
skies with awful and infinite power.

The causes explaining the hourly event no
longer are locally sought—

'Twas only the Dinosaur trying that hour
to line up his system of thought.

The story, however, is hopelessly mixed, so
all that you need to retain,

Is the funny old Dinosaur plugging the
vent, and the tale of his triplicate
brain.

The Wonders of Yellowstone

The sky alone
In Yellowstone,
Is proof enough for me,
That God above
Proclaims His love
In this great symphony.
Each mountain peak,
Austere and bleak,
Is crowned in purest white;
Each rock and cliff
Stands forth as if
Our rapture to invite.

Each gorge profound,
Each echoed sound,
Each pinnacle, forsooth,
Within this zone
Of Yellowstone,
Proclaims a wondrous truth.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Each timbered hill
Whose sparkling rill
Flows to some distant vale,
Makes me but feel
That God is real;
That God doth here prevail.

These terraced springs
Are wondrous things;
These troubled "paint pots" too;
Each pool serene
Of gorgeous green
Distorts my sense of hue.
Volcanic soil,
With springs that boil,
And geysers every hour,
But proves to me
That all I see
Is born of godly power.

Each crystal lake
In turn I take;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

I count each purling rill;
Each racing stream,
Each burst of steam,
Pervades me with a thrill.
O God, of love,
Proclaimed above,
I glorify Thy pow'r;
In this, Thy throne,
Thy Yellowstone,
I read Thee every hour.

An Ode to Old Faithful

To thee, O Monarch, faithful to the hour,
Thou geyser born of earth's satanic pow'r,
This challenge to the world I give for-
sooth—

A challenge that the world may know the
truth.

'Tis but this boast: where else on our round
earth,

Among the things by Nature given birth,
Is that which doth display more evil pow'r,
Than thou, O geyser, guardsman of the
hour.

When evening's purpled shades have cooled
the air,

I come to stand, to ponder and to stare.

A vantage ground I choose to left or right,
To view thy awesome grandeur there by
night.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Then presently the sounds of thermal hate,
My ears detect—deep trumpetings of fate,
Those sounds reverberating from below.
Titanic combat seem, with blow on blow.

Shock follows shock within thy crater's
throat,
While bursts of steam thine anguish doth
denote;
Then higher still, and higher, play the jets
Of superheated steam that earth begets,
Till with a muffled roar of endless pow'r
A shaft of water rises, there to tow'r
And pour its seething mass into the sky
With clouds of vapor rolling mountain high.

Now from the shifting breeze and scalding
spray
I nimbly with the others pick my way,
To fly to other vantage ground to wait
The last spasmodic efforts of thy hate.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

To thee, O geyser, spectacle of earth,
Great fountain which the fiends have given
 birth,
Once more we bow allegiance to thy spell
And sound again that parting word—fare-
 well!

Yellowstone's First Laundry

Rub a dub, dub,
The song of the tub;
 Ah Sing had a laundry here,
Way back in the days when the world
 was immune to the wiles of the profiteer.

Rub a dub, dub,
The song of the tub;
 Ah Sing couldn't understand;
By golly, why rub, like a slave at the tub,
 with a geyser so close at hand.

Rub a dub, dub,
The song of the tub;
 Ah Sing took his pick of the best;
The biggest, the hottest, the greatest
 in depth and gathered our clothes for a
 test.

Rub a dub, dub,
The song of the tub;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

All the laundry in camp to begin;
Then he chucked in the soap, with a flutter
of hope, and lighted his pipe with a grin.

Rub a dub,—ROAR!

Right up through the floor!

The "washing" belittered the ground;
What happened to Sing is a matter of doubt,
we know that he never was found.

(EPILOGUE)

Rub a dub, dub,

The song of the tub;

Ah Sing in the land of his youth,
Relating a tale of his Yankee career, as near
as he could to the truth.

"Rub a dub, dub,

Wash um, allee same tub;

Velly nice, velly hot, velly wet;
Chuckee soap in the well, Blouie, Blouie!
like HELL!!

Grandpa swim the Pacific, you bet!"

The Eaglet

Out of the nest,
O eaglet mine,
A mother's fondest hopes
Are thine.

Look with courage
Down below;
Come, my son,
Thy courage show.

Out of the nest,
O eaglet mine,
Both the others—
Brothers thine,
Took their courage
In both wings,
As the French hawk
Quaintly sings.

Out of the nest,
O eaglet mine;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Make thy goal
At yonder pine.
Ah, dost tremble?
So did they;
Come, come, courage
Son, away!

Out of the nest,
O eaglet mine;
Try to—Ah, now
Bravo! Fine!!
Spreading, soaring,
Past the rest!
(I might have known
He'd prove the best.)

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Seven Ages in the Life of Old Faithful

I. PREHISTORIC BEASTS

In prehistoric ages when the Rhino wore a
shell
And "Saber Tooth" the Tiger chased the
Mammoth from the well,
The ninety-six-foot Dinosaur was never far
away,
But hung around my crater like a kid on
circus day.

2. PRIMITIVE MAN

The long-nosed prehistoric Ape I scalded
here for years,
Till came the hairy Cave Man with the
ring bones in his ears;
He swung a sand-stone hatchet till his head-
aches gained renown,

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And patronized the geyser as the biggest
show in town.

3. THE CLIFF DWELLERS

A flint-knived gang of tourists, self-con-
ducted, found the place,
And searched in vain the cliffs about to
find a dwelling place.
Old "Stone Axe", bolsheviki chief, got
scalded in a pool,
And said he'd cut us dead for that, till
things began to cool.

4. THE INDIAN

Then came the noble Red Man with his
gaily frescoed jaw;
He stole the White Man's horses and the
White Man stole his squaw.
My best eruptions scared him till he beat
it with his fears,
And so the Red Man passed me up for
most a thousand years.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

5. THE TRAPPER

Next to my lonely solitude the buck-
skinned Trapper came,
With whiskey made from bug-juice, and
a conscience that was lame.
He scalped the Red Man's profits and the
Red Man scalped his pate,
While whiskey often led a trump and
gave them both the gate.

6. THE ADVENTURER

Then came the rough-neck miner with his
flaming flannel shirt;
The oily tin-horn gambler who beguiled
him of his "dirt";
"Our Lady Lill" was rampant on the trail
of "Diamond Dick",
Till Vigilantes showed them both a
"tranquilizing" trick.

7. TODAY

And now while "flivvers" haunt me, and

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the Bolsheviks pursue,
And "Blue Law Sunday" battles with
the anti-Volstead brew;
My mind reverts to yester-age;—Ah, give
me back the life,
That bred the hairy Cave Man and his
prehistoric wife.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Sanctuary

Where Nature sings a joyous roundelay,
Where Birds and Beasts may go their
 chosen way;
Where "Sanctuary" means "Thou Shalt
 Not Slay;"
 In Yellowstone.

Where Eagles build their aeries on the
 heights;
Where Magpies chatter boldly of their
 rights;
Where Chickadees and Ravens add de-
 lights;
 In Yellowstone.

Where Grizzly bears come begging for a
 meal;
Where Cinnamon and Black bears come to
 steal;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Where bear cubs, twins and triplets, romp
and squeal;
In Yellowstone.

Where safety is extended to the Deer;
Where Fawns as yet know not the use of
fear;
Where Antelope and Elk their young may
rear;
In Yellowstone.

Where Buffalo no longer dread the chase,
But find in this great park their hour of
grace;—
Old lordly monarchs of a dying race;
In Yellowstone.

Where Mountain Sheep still haunt the
rocky crest;
And where the big Bull Moose is named a
guest;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Where flirts the festive Chipmunk to its
nest;

In Yellowstone.

Where Beaver dams the floods have long
withstood;

Where Rabbits, Musk Rats, Mink, are
understood;

Where Badgers, Squirrels, Foxes, haunt the
wood;

In Yellowstone.

Where Coyote days are numbered with the
few;

And where the Mountain Lion long since
withdrew;

Where Snakes are only found in good
Home-brew;

In Yellowstone.

Where God's own creatures no one dares
molest;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Where each may build and occupy its nest;
Where man's humaneness stands the crucial test;
In Yellowstone.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

“Thou Shalt Not Touch”

Thou shalt not mark
Within this Park,
Nor covet the “Formation”;
Thou Shalt not break
Or even take
A fragment from the Nation.
The Ranger boys
Restrict your joys;
They work in close relation;
Should you decide
To try to hide
A bit of the “Formation”.

I stood and stared
While others dared
Engage in devastation;
Until my nerve
Returned to serve
Instead of trepidation.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

With hidden blow
My vandal toe
Dislodged a pink "Creation".
What luck, I thought,
At last I've caught
A bit of real "Formation".

I hid my prize
From prying eyes;
I chuckled in elation;
Then turned to find
There close behind
A Ranger from the Station.
I went before
The Judge and swore
To help uphold the Nation.
Just forty bucks,
It cost,—and shucks!
They took my pink "Creation".

The Conjurer

The magic of "Old Yellowstone"—

Bold conjurer of men,
Hath made of me a devotee,
My heart, my soul, my pen.
With conjurations subtle, wierd,
He cast on me a spell;
No more can I his mandate flout
Nor magic art dispel.

O'er causeways built among the clouds,
O'er mountain, hill and dale,
He whirled me down stupendous steeps
And curvatures of trail.
Past aerie heights and depths profound,
And cataracts at play,
He lead me on and through a wood
Where pines shut out the day.

With magic born of hidden pow'r,
He wrought for me a scene—

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Vast fountains, boiling, seething hot,
From pools of gorgeous green;
Then bending to his vagrant will,
The clay beneath his feet,
Became a troubled, bubbling mass,
All charged with superheat.

Then northward to his Terraces
Of wondrous fairy hue,
He filled my soul with wonderment;
He'll do the same with you.
No more can I resist his spell;
No more can I disdain
To glorify this conjurer
Whose magic fills my brain.

Song of the Ages

Creative days in Yellowstone,
 Volcanoes spouting fire,
Earthquakes—thunder—lightning,
 World a flaming pyre.
Mountains vast, uplifted,
 Hills and valleys new,
Canyons fresh created,
 Bursting into view.

Eozoic Yellowstone,
 Geysers in their might;
Giant seething fountains,
 A thousand feet in height.
Mud Volcanoes playing,
 Boiling liquid earth;
Age of Fire and Water,
 Yellowstone at birth.

Paleozoic Yellowstone,
 Life beginning there,

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Vegetation bursting forth,
Forests everywhere.
Giant mammals feeding,
Prehistoric beasts,
Cave Men fierce and hairy,
Gathered at their feasts.

Mesozoic Yellowstone,
Age of Ice and Snow,
Seasons, climate—jumbled,
Rivers cease to flow.
Animals bewildered,
Cave Men filled with dread,
Life and vegetation
Paralyzed and dead.

Neozoic Yellowstone,
Nature ends the strife;
Everywhere God's creatures
Tremble into life.
Springtime of the ages,

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God upon the throne,
World anew created,
Glorious Yellowstone!

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

The Canyon Trail—"Down"

Down, down, so far below
The river scarcely seems to flow;
While distantly I hear the falls,
A magpie somewhere hoarsely calls:
Sing ho! For the Downward Trail.

Down, down, the rock-strewn way;
Springs seep out and damp the clay;
The pathway rounds a fallen tree
And skirts a fill of earth's debris;
Sing ho! For the Downward Trail.

Down, down, the polished stones
Recall to me my fragile bones;
Footholds there I find deep-graved;
Handholds also that I craved.
Sing ho! For the Downward Trail.

Down, down, the boldest quail;
More toboggan slide than trail;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Slipping, sliding; don't despair,
Courage, all the rest got there.
Sing ho! For the Downward Trail.

Down, down, a jutting cliff;
Muscles sore and lame and stiff;
One more scramble; down we go,
Down beside the river's flow.
Sing ho! For the Downward Trail.

Down below in spray and damp,
Fifteen hundred feet from Camp;
Perish thoughts of verse and rhyme,
It's time to hit the homeward climb,
Sing ho! For the Upward Trail!

The Canyon Trail—"Up"

Up, up, with backward glance,
One last look ere we advance,
 Ten pounds extra weight—each shoe;
 That's the way it seems to you;
Sing ho! for the Upward Trail.

Up, up, at snail-like pace,
Half inclined to quit the race;
 Resting, panting on the stones,
 Tired in muscle, mind and bones;
Sing ho! for the Upward Trail.

Up, up, hand over hand;
Footholds, handholds, woven strand;
 O for some excuse to "flop";
 Still they say you're near the top.
Sing ho! for the Upward Trail.

Up, up, your faintness hide,
You're climbing now beside the guide!

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

One more pull up that incline—
Excelsior! The prize is thine!
Sing ho! for the Upward Trail.

And now look back along the Trail;
Your rivals crowd the speeding snail;
What grander thought invades the breast
Than that of winning from the rest?
In "down and up the Trail"?

Tomorrow, speeding on your way,
And on through life from day to day,
One superthought remains your own—
Of all the stunts in Yellowstone,
You "did" the Canyon Trail!

Grand Canyon of the
Yellowstone

I stood where the purpled shadows
Shrouded the depths below
From the brink of that wonder chasm
Far from the river's flow.
I sought for words—expression,
To picture the vista rare;
But words—what a puny makeshift
For picturing grandeur there.

The cliffs with their gilded summits,
Pinnacles left and right,
Towered there like sentries,
Guardsmen day and night.
Below in the lengthened shadows,
Bred of a dying day,
A ribbon of blue—the river
Tumbling on its way.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Far in the distant vista,
The stream in its mighty flow,
Leaped from the granite summit
Down to the gorge below.
The breeze bore a distant murmur—
The Falls in their walled restraint,
Invaded the awful silence,
Whispering a complaint.

I paused, enthralled, enchanted,
The sun on its western throne
Stood poised while its rays of purple
Enshrouded the canyon's zone.
"Behold!" I cried in rapture,
"A throne for the gods of old!"
And the echoes, roused and swirling,
Returned me the word: "Behold!"

The Bears of Yellowstone

I'll tell the world, the bears alone, are worth
the trip to Yellowstone,

No rival star attraction can you find
within the gates;

Though Yellowstone has given birth to
sights—the strangest known on earth,
No bid for fame is greater than the
humble bear creates.

They seemed more partial to the ground
where hotel garbage might be found,
But still we wondered what it was that
made them act so tame.

The fact is this, the bears are boys,
grown up outside the world of toys,
And handicapped by being named as
“predatory game”.

No matter whether summer time, in early
spring, or autumn time,

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

The bears are always punctual at their
banquet in the wood;
We saw them there beneath the trees, we
saw them eat, and turn the fleas,
We watched them while they rummaged
through the garbage where they
stood.

The Black and Brown bears loved to play;
in fact it seemed their humble way
To show appreciation for the white man's
bill of fare.

The Grizzly bears, though seldom late,
were more inclined to be sedate,
And in a lordly manner bade the others
to beware.

One evening as the sun grew dim, the hotel
man whose name was Tim,
Announced 'twas time we started for
the banquet of the bears.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

So down the narrow winding trail, past
darksome woods where some grew pale,
He led us toward the place long famed for
banqueting affairs.

Arriving at the fateful spot on time, we
found the bears were not,
When lo, from out the hallowed gloom
an object came in sight.

"A Grizzly bear", each one exclaimed, and
then deep silence was proclaimed,
While breathlessly we stood and watched
the monster of the night.

With solemn and majestic weight, the awe-
some beast advanced in state,
'Twas hard to trace his outline in the
overhanging gloom.

The silence bored a few to tears, and all
were prone to sundry fears;
'Twas something like a party held at
midnight in a tomb.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Then suddenly there came a roar, as if from
 hell's wide-opened door;
 The tourists hit the backward trail with
 cold and beaded brow.
A few of them I since have met, but most
 of them are running yet;
 The facts are these: our "Grizzly" was
 a home-returning *cow*.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Those Yellow Cars

Those "Yellow Cars" in Yellowstone,
Of all the busses I have known,
Awoke in me sensations that have thrilled
me to the soul;
Their yellow hides from day to day
Engrossed my thoughts the strangest way;
Hear this—my joyous roundelay
Of Yellow Cars.

At early dawn with breakfast o'er,
We found them waiting at the door,
With siren calls resounding and the
motors all in tune;
The ladies, bless 'em, strove to share
The driver's seat—a favor rare,
A slight concession to the fair,
In Yellow Cars.

The lads who haunt the hotel zone

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

And drive the cars marked "Yellowstone",
Are satisfying specimens of engineering
brains;

With confidence that's born of skill,
They sped us on from hill to hill,
O'er mountain crag and lowland fill,
In Yellow Cars.

No accidents or mishaps known
Have yet occurred in Yellowstone;
The trip abounds in wonder scenes and
thrills beyond compare.
So make the most of every ride;
Enjoy the scenes along each side,
And with the rest recall with pride
Those Yellow Cars.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

A Day at the Camps

With a scream of brakes and a siren's call
That follows you down the breeze,
You enter a valley that's more like a dream,
With thundering, towering columns of
steam
Rising above the trees.

Now suddenly there in the sky at the right,
A mountain of vapor you see;
It's only Old Faithful offering here
A welcome you'll think of for many a year,
The same as it was with me.

Now round to the Camp with a flourish and
shout;
A cabin assigned you at last;
When supper is served and dancing begun,
Then back to your cabin when through with
the fun
To dream of your checkered past.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

A knock at your door with the coming of
dawn—

A boy with your kindling and wood;
With fire soon booming, you dress with a
song,
Then out where Old Faithful is still going
strong,
As any good geyser should.

When breakfast is over you join with the
crowd

And go for a wonderful hike;
To Hot Springs of every description and
size,
And Geysers that thunder their flood to the
skies,
With never a two alike.

Perhaps you'll take dinner at Old Faithful
Inn

In the shade of the cabaret lamps;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Then back to the cabins when evening's
begun,
With bon-fires, programs, dancing and fun;
You're LIVING when booked at the
Camps!

The "Handkerchief" Pool's Soliloquy

I am the pool where handkerchiefs return
From weird uncanny wanderings beneath
While owners stand enchanted on the brink
And wonder why and how this thing is so.
Now 'tis bits of hand-embroidered linen
That they intrust to my mysterious pow'r;
While often 'tis but cotton stuff that's lent,
Yet watched with that same tense degree
of doubt

As that of maids who lend their silken
scarfs.

Last night a group of stalwarts did approach

From governmental workings in the Park,
And one there was, more waggish than the
rest,

Who drew from out the pocket of his garb

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

A flaming red bandana, bright and new,
Confident from past experiences,
He cast it in, quite nonchalant, and wait'd.
Then forthwith did I play a subtle joke,
For drawing down the flaming crimson
 thing,
I did withhold it, sending forth at once
A child's small square of pictured nurs'ry
 print.
The worker stood amazed, and then chagrined,
Yet seized the childish bit, roared long
 and loud,
And with his rough companions, went his
 way.
'Twas clever—though you say, I'm but a
 pool!
Tomorrow, when comes my way a bevy
Of young womanhood to test my power,
And some fair maid, full prettier than the
 rest,

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Casts in her bit of rare and foreign lace,
I'll wager you can guess the final scene.
So with intrigue do I abide the years.
'Tis not so bad—this being but a pool!

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Hell Up-to-date

I dreamed a dream of Yellowstone,
And found they'd moved the devil's
throne

Behind great walls where sentries slept
And flaming gates toward which I crept.
Hot sulphur fumes and boiling pitch
Concealed a darksome cell-like niche,
Where sat a guardsman quite alone
Who held the keys to Yellowstone.

My signed credentials passed upon,
Through several gates I wandered on,
Till introduced upon a stair
To Pluto with the flaming hair.
Then on through his plutonic realm,
The chief who guides Old Satan's helm,
Showed me their Purgatory zone—
A sort of transformed Yellowstone.

Unshriven souls in spotless white,

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Battalions of them green with fright,
Dodged nimbly there along the brink
Of spouting geysers charged with ink.
The penalty for smudge or spot,
Was penance in a seething pot,
That stewed them to the very bone,
And bleached their sins in Yellowstone.

While passing by the boiling vats,
The victims cursed the flying bats,
And begged me for some other way
That they might wash their sins away.
Old Pluto chanced to hear their pleas,
And ordered them by twos and threes
To where Old Faithful played alone,
Still monarch of all Yellowstone.

Suspended high above the vent,
They swung there scared and penitent,
While Pluto switched to gasoline
And played his geyser on the scene.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Then cunningly and with dispatch,
He lit the outpour with a match:
"Asbestos suits," said he, "'tis known,
Are cleansed with fire in Yellowstone.

"We've changed this grand old Park,"
said he,
"For his Satanic Majesty;
No alterations did we need
To make it such as would succeed.
And now, so's not to disappoint,
I'll show you Inspiration Point,
Where souls who've toured abroad, atone
For their neglect of Yellowstone."

Along Grand Canyon's ghostly rim
We then strolled through the twilight
dim
To where Old Satan sat in state,
Surrounded by his Court of Fate.
Extending down a thousand feet,

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

A razor blade aflame with heat,
And keen-edged as from off the hone,
Composed the Chutes of Yellowstone.

There travelers with foreign thirst,
Who should have seen their own land
first,

Were stripped and seated there astride
That red-hot razor for a ride.

In strident tones a "Man in Gray",
Explained the sights along the way:
Said he: "My friend, these Falls alone,
Are worth your trip to Yellowstone."

"From here the view is most sublime
These rocks are symphonies in rhyme;
The river there which you behold,
Is really purest molten gold,
Where gluttons in their thirst for wealth,
Are ducked there daily for their health.
Now shoot the biggest Chute that's known,
And tell them you've seen Yellowstone!"

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

So down the keen-edged blade they rode—
 These victims of a foreign code,
And while they pled and shrieked in vain,
 The razor sliced each one in twain.
I shuddered and awoke at last,
 To reconstruct my own dark past;
And thanked my stars I'd seen that zone
 Of wonder, known as Yellowstone.

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Song of the Yellow Cars

(Tune—Any)

So put on yer spurs,
An' yer buckaroo bonnet,
Take a hitch in yer belt,
Hang yer shootin' irons on it;
Hustle with the nose bag,
Drink yer soup!
The bunch is a-waitin'
On the hotel stoop.
Throw yer right leg over
When ya climb yer seat;
The brute's a-watchin'
Fer the tenderfeet.
No need of yer prayin'
To yer guardeen stars,
Ye're a-goin' fer a ride
In the Yellow Cars.

My Rosary of Yellowstone

I count each hour within that zone,
 My rosary of Yellowstone;
 Each hour a joy,
 Each joy a prayer
That future years may guide me there.

I count each sound, each echoed tone,
 My rosary of Yellowstone;
 Each call of bird
 Or beast a note
Of God produced in Nature's throat.

I count each thought beneath that throne,
 My rosary of Yellowstone
 Each thought to me
 A thought of love
For him who formed it there above.

I count each mile I've trudged alone,
 My rosary of Yellowstone;

HADLEY'S YELLOWSTONE RHYMES

Each mile a highway
Which I plod
To better understand my God.

I count each trail I've climbed alone,
My rosary of Yellowstone;
Each labored step
Has seemed to me
A step still closer, Lord, to thee.

Yellow Car Yell

Sis boom ah!

Sis boom ex,

Who's got the
throttle here?

"Spark Plug Tex"!

Sis boom piffle,

Gasoline—ah!

Step on 'er!

Step on 'er!

Rah, rah, rah!

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